

SOCIETY

COMING EVENTS

Wednesday
Practical Club, Mrs. E. J. Countryman.
Prairieville Social Circle, Mrs. Winham Andrews.

Thursday
St. Paul's Lutheran Aid, Mrs. Simon Lowry, 901 W. Fourth St.
Inter Nos Circle, Mrs. Dave Boos.
Lincoln Croquet Club, Mrs. Ralph Lehman.

Meeting of M. E. Foreign Missionary, Mrs. Joseph Beech.
Lat-a-lot Club, Miss Grace Book.
Ladies Aid, German Lutheran Church.
City Alt Club, Mrs. Chas. Lievan.
Dorcas Society Election, Congregational Church.

Friday
Christian Missionary, Mrs. Clinton Rhodes.
M. E. Foreign Missionary, Mrs. Joseph Beech.
Dorothy Chapter, O. E. S., Masonic Hall.

Saturday
Thursday Reading Circle, Mrs. Herbert Scott.
St. Agnes Guild, Mrs. Lee Dysart.
D. A. R. Meeting, Mrs. S. S. Dodge.

Military Wedding.
Rockford Gazette: Private Clinton W. Seaverns, 342d machine gun company of Camp Grant, and Miss Sadie Quinto were married Dec. 22 at Trinity Lutheran parsonage by Rev. H. M. Bannen. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Daiden were the only witnesses. The bride wore a suit of blue French serge and white picture hat. The newlyweds left for Lee, Ill., to visit her parents over the holidays. The bride will live at 836 Montague St. with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Tobian while Mr. Seaverns is at Camp Grant. The announcement of the wedding will be a great surprise to their friends and relatives.

Will Entertain B. Y. P. U.
Miss Doris Wedlake will entertain the members of the Baptist Young People's Union at her home, 742 N. Ottawa avenue, on Friday evening of this week.

Good Fellowship Meeting.
A "good fellowship" meeting will be held this evening at the Congregational church. A scramble supper will be served at 6:30 and the annual business meeting will follow. Every member of the church and congregation is cordially invited.

Inter Nos Circle.
The Inter Nos Circle will meet on Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Dave Boos.

St. Paul's Aid.
The Ladies Aid society of St. Paul's Lutheran church will meet on Thursday at 2:30 p. m. at the home of Mrs. Simon Lowry, 901 W. Fourth street.

Dined at Tavern.
Mrs. Ira Lewis entertained at dinner New Year's day her brother, Cyrus Williams of Brookfield, Mo., her nieces, Misses Mattie and Florence Mulkins, and nephew, Charles Mulkins.

Dinner Party.
Miss Ruth Overstreet entertained with a dinner party Sunday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Irving Countryman of Wilmington, Del.

To U. of I.
The Misses Miriam Lapham and Blanche Chapman returned to the University of today after a holiday visit at their homes.

To Art Institute.
Miss Leah Lawson, who has been spending the holidays at home, returned Tuesday to Chicago where she is taking a course at the art institute.

L. O. O. M. Social.
A delightful social time for L. O. O. M. members is being arranged for this evening. A supper will follow the social session.

At Armington Home.
Miss Bernice Powell of Fairbury and Lieut. Leonard of Camp Grant were guests at the A. P. Armington home. Miss Powell is here on a vacation and will remain until the last of the week. Miss Clara Armington, who was home from the University of Illinois, returned to her studies today.

St. James Aid Society.
The St. James aid society will meet on January 9 at the home of Mrs. Hubert Bahen for an all day meeting. The ladies will have a scramble dinner at noon. Their husbands and friends will be their guests.

In Polo.
Mrs. James Logan and son Joseph returned Monday from a week-end visit at the John Logan home in Polo.

At Dinner.
Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ross entertained at dinner New Year's day Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Palmer and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bowles.

From Camp Grant.
Lieut. Paul Mossholder of Camp Grant was home on a four days' furlough.

At Brown Home.
Carl Brown of Indianapolis spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Brown.

Guest from Polo.
Miss Grace Courtney of Polo, who has been spending several days at the home of Mrs. Clinton Rhodes, 216 W. Chamberlain street, returned to her school at Forreston yesterday afternoon.

Returned to Boston.
Mrs. L. Booth returned Friday evening from a two weeks' visit in Chicago. Her daughter, Mrs. Charles Houghton, who spent two months on a visit with her parents and other relatives went to Chicago with her mother, visiting for a time there before leaving to spend Christmas at her home in Boston.

Entertained for Guest.
Miss Charlotte Campbell entertained a few friends Monday afternoon in honor of a school friend, Miss Marjorie Shephard of Austin, who was her guest.

Dinner Party.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Scriven entertained Sunday evening with 6 o'clock dinner for the former's brother Lloyd J. Scriven, who returned last evening to the University of Minnesota, where he finished law this year.

In Madison.
Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Eichler and son spent the New Year's week end in Madison, Wis.

At Dinner.
Mrs. C. A. Dement entertained at dinner Sunday. Bert Green for her son, Dick Dement, who is here from Spokane.

On Furlough.
Harold Esby of Camp Grant was here on a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Esby.

Entertain by City.
Mrs. Charles Lievan will entertain the members of the City Alt club tomorrow afternoon. The members are asked to meet at 1:15 at the Chocolate shop and Mr. Lievan will be there with a conveyance.

Dorothy Chapter, O. E. S.
The regular meeting of Dorothy chapter, O. E. S., will be held Friday evening in Masonic hall.

To Elect Officers.
The Dorcas society of the Congregational church will meet Thursday afternoon at 2:30 at the church. All members are requested to be present as officers for the ensuing year will be chosen.

D. A. R. Meeting.
The regular meeting of Daughters of the American Revolution will be held Saturday afternoon, Jan. 5, at the home of Mrs. S. S. Dodge. The assistant hostesses are Mrs. Burnham and Mrs. Dixler. The paper of the afternoon will be "The Boston Post Road," by Mrs. B. I. Hitchcock. Miss Lord will have charge of current topics.

Guest Goose Dinner.
Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Neighbour entertained at a roast goose dinner today Mr. and Mrs. Abram Ackert, Louis Nowell and sister, Miss Edna Nowell, and Mr. and Mrs. John Schaeper.

Dinner Guests.
As their guests at New Year's dinner Mr. and Mrs. Harry Major entertained Dr. and Mrs. Segner and family.

To University of Chicago.
Miss Mabel Masten returned to her school duties at the University of Chicago after a Christmas visit with relatives.

At New Years Dinner.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hobbs entertained at New Year's dinner Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Eastman.

Watch Night Party.
Miss Frances Busby entertained at her home New Year's eve with a watch night party the following: Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Goss, Misses Josephine Levan and Grace Courtney, the latter of Polo, and Messrs. Harley Swarts, Russell May, Roy McCleary and Charles Durr, the latter of Sterling. Games and music were enjoyed and the mysterious ouija board was a feature of the evening, answering many questions pertaining to the new year.

Refreshments of Ice Cream.
Fruit salad and cake were served. Just as the new year was coming in Misses Busby and Courtney entertained the company with a vocal duet, "There's a Long, Long Trail A-Wind- ing." The guests departed at a late hour wishing Miss Frances a happy New Year.

St. Margaret's Guild.
St. Margaret's Guild will meet with Mrs. H. M. Babin at the rectory this evening at 7:30 o'clock. The annual election of officers will be held and a social session will follow.

At Trowbridge Home.
Mrs. A. H. Hammastrom and daughter Helen of Clinton, Ia., are visiting at the home of Mrs. Mary Trowbridge, 405 E. Second street, for the week end.

Christian Missionary.
A meeting of the Missionary society of the Christian church will be held at the home of Mrs. Clinton Rhodes, 216 W. Chamberlain street, Thursday at 2:30 p. m. A large attendance is desired.

At Sunday Dinner.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boers entertained at dinner Sunday evening the W. F. Hoberg family.

New Year's Eve is.
Miss Clara Boers of Sherrilock, Ia., and Miss Edna Gephart of LaSalle, Ill., were over New Year's guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boers.

Over New Years.
Mrs. Lou Franke had as her guest over New Year's Miss M. O. Berry of Chicago. Miss Berry arrived on Friday.

Returned to Chicago School.
R. C. Webber, who has been employed in the American Express office, went to Chicago to enter Bethany bible school.

Furlough With Parents.
C. W. McPherson, who arrived on Monday from Chicago to spend the remainder of his furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McPherson, has returned to Camp Grant, where he is with Co. K of the 313rd regiment, most of the members of which came from Chicago.

Thursday Reading Circle.
The Thursday Reading Circle will meet Friday afternoon, Jan. 4, with Mrs. Herbert Scott, 118 E. Boyd St. The program is in charge of Mrs. R. A. Rodosek and promises many interesting features.

Club Luncheon.
The Snadlin club will enjoy a noon lunch on Friday, Jan. 4, at the Nachusa tavern, with Mrs. Mark Brown as guest of honor. Mrs. M. D. Grimes is giving the luncheon.

Were Guests.
Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Ayres of Heyworth were among the guests at the Elks' New Year's night party.

M. E. Foreign Missionary.
The regular meeting of the W. man's Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist church will be held on Jan. 3rd at 2:30 p. m., with Mrs. Joseph Beech, 239 Chamberlain St. All women of the church and congregation are invited.

Dancing Party.
Misses Blanche and Josephine McGinnis entertained with a dancing party at their home in Palmyra New Year's eve. Between 6 and 70 guests enjoyed the evening. Music for the dancing was furnished by Mrs. C. F. Becker, piano; Herman Schick, violin; J. F. Trippier and Mr. Walker, mandoline. An enjoyable supper was served at midnight. Miss Edna Johnson, who has just returned from Chicago, where she completed her course of training as a nurse at the Michael Reese hospital, was a guest.

At Brooks Home.
Roy Stewart of the Great Lakes training station, where he is enlisted with the aviation corps, spent New Year's day at the H. A. Brooks home, returning today to Great Lakes.

Shuman-Musser.
Rev. F. D. Altman, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church of this city, performed the marriage ceremony at his home Monday at 4 p. m., for George S. Shuman of Thompsonville, Pa., and Miss Joyce Musser of McAllisterville, Pa. The double ring ceremony was used. The young people have been visiting in Amboy and will return to Pennsylvania at the conclusion of their visit. They will conduct a farm near Thompsonville.

Sadler-Gonnerman.
This morning at 4 o'clock at the St. Paul's Lutheran parsonage, the pastor, Rev. F. D. Altman, performed the marriage ceremony of Oscar O. Sadler of Nelson township and Mrs. Christine Gonnerman of this city. The ring ceremony was used. They were attended by Earl C. Munma of Grand Detour and Miss Lottie E. Krug of Ashton, the bride's sister. The groom is a prominent young farmer in Nelson township and his bride the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Krug of Ashton, has many friends in this city, where she has resided for a number of years. They will reside at Dixon for a time, at 115 E. Fourth St. They have the best wishes of many friends.

At Dinner.
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Carpenter of West Third street entertained the following guests at New Year's dinner: Mrs. J. W. Carpenter and son Jesse, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bengner and family, Mrs. Hannah Heckman, all of this city; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Anderson, Polo; and Leo Heckman, Spring Valley, Minn.

Elks Had Big Crowd.
An especially large crowd attended the dance at the Elks' club on New Year's night, and a most successful evening resulted from the entertainment committee's efforts.

St. Agnes Guild.
St. Agnes Guild will meet with Mrs. Lee Dysart, 605 E. Second St., Friday at 2:30 p. m.

Dinner at Dixon Inn.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huguet entertained at New Year's dinner at the Dixon Inn yesterday Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McKenney and Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Smith.

At Dr. Moss Home.
Mrs. Moss of Nevada, Mo., is here for a winter's visit with Dr. and Mrs. Moss.

Ladder of Fame.
There are splinters in the ladder of fame. But you never notice them until you begin to slide down.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FORRESTON TABLE CO. GOES INTO BANKRUPTCY.
The Forreston Table company, which was organized by Harry Roper, formerly of Dixon, today filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy with referee in bankruptcy H. S. Dixon. Assets of \$9,200, and liabilities of \$15,398.61 were shown in the papers filed. A creditors' meeting has been set for January 21.

BIG NIGHT FOR MOOSE.
The L. O. O. M. local lodge will hold its annual smoker and supper this evening. A musical program will follow the supper. Slothower's orchestra will furnish some of the music. Plans have been made for the presence of each of the 600 members.

FLAG USED AT FUNERAL.
The memorial flag presented to the G. A. R. Post by the G. A. R. Circle was used for the first time at the funeral of Comrade Thomas Gaffney, of which the circle and post had charge.

What Was His Nationality?
When a building laborer in New York was injured, the policeman who went with the ambulance reported "It's nothing; a man lost his balance and fell over a Linerick Buonsine." The lieutenant at the station wondered all the afternoon until the policeman came in off his post and explained that the man fell over a wheelbarrow. May be you can guess the policeman's nationality.

School.
"How's that little boy of yours getting along at school?" asked the grocer as his best customer entered the store.
"Oh, he's all right now," said the customer, rubbing his hands before the stove. "The trouble was in getting him started. I didn't take him to school the opening day, but my wife did, and this is what happened."
"In the morning Freddie was given a nice clean suit of clothes, bright new shoes, a shiny penny, and a brilliant red tie. Then his mother took him by the hand and escorted him to the school building. They entered the building, and went into the room where they registered. At this stage Freddie revolted. He loved to look at the school from the outside, but inside was no place for him. The first thing my wife knew Freddie had eluded her; then she saw his little legs spreading down the hallway, bound for the door and liberty.
"My wife started after him, but as she was out of training he reached goal. When she came to the door Freddie was standing on the opposite side of the street, gazing fearfully toward the entrance. When she came into view he retreated behind a tree. However, this wasn't big enough to hide him, and he hurried around the corner and hid himself behind a billboard."
"But his mother was a relentless pursuer, and she drove him from one hiding place to another. Of course, all these strategic moves were accompanied by vocal exertions by both in tested parties. Freddie was fearful, but afraid to surrender lest he be taken to the hated bed of learnings."
"How did it turn out?" asked the grocer.
"Well, after she had been chasing him for half an hour, my wife became afraid the neighbors would shoot the police on her, so she told Freddie that she would take him home. Then he permitted himself to be captured."
"And now?"
"Now? Why, you can't drag him away from the school building. My wife worries herself sick now wondering why he doesn't come home."

CHICAGO MARKETS.
Simons, Day & Co., Chicago.
C. D. Anderson, Mgr.
Chicago, Jan. 2.

Corn—	134 1/2	125	124 1/2	124 1/4
Jan.	126 1/2	126 1/2	126 1/2	126 1/2
Oats—				
May	75 1/2	76 1/2	75 1/2	75 1/2
Jan.	78 1/2	79 1/2	78	78 1/2
Receipts today—				
Hogs	38,000	5c lower	top 1690	
Cattle	22,000	weak		
Sheep	12,000	10c higher		
Estimated tomorrow—				
Hogs	30,000			
Cattle	12,000			
Sheep	12,000			

SCOTT'S EMULSION
is always best for coughs is that it peculiarly soothes the tender membranes while its rich, creamy food rebuilds the tissues to avert bronchitis and lung trouble.
No alcohol—just food.

PROBE DEEPER INTO SCRAP PICKING GRAB
SUPPLY COMMITTEE OF DEFENSE COUNCIL UNDER INVESTIGATION.
(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
Washington, Jan. 2.—With Charles Eisenman, vice chairman of the supply committee of the Council of National Defense, on the stand, the senate war inquiry today continued its investigation into the cancelled scrap uniform cloth picking contracts. Quartermaster General Sharpe declared Saturday that under these contracts let by the Defense Council supply committee to the Base Sorting company of New York, the company might have profited to the extent of \$400,000 annually.
Samuel Kaplan, another member of the supply committee, whose brother, it was developed at the hearings, is financially interested in the company, also is to be heard.
Eisenman and Kaplan protested. General Sharpe declared, when the war department cancelled the contracts which they had approved as members of the supply committee.

"THIRD LIBERTY LOAN" COMING NEXT MONTH
(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
Washington, Jan. 2.—The next national loan, will be designated officially as the Third Liberty Loan, not the victory loan or freedom loan, or peace loan, as has been suggested. This was made known today after receipt of hundreds of suggested names from persons all over the country in response to a request for submission of ideas.
Posters and other advertising matter will be prepared immediately bearing the title now adopted. The loan will be some time after February 1, for an amount and at an interest rate not yet decided.

DRAFT CROOKS ARE AGAIN UNDER FIRE
WHOLESALE DRAFT EXEMPTION CHARGE AGAINST NEW YORK MEN.
(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
New York, Jan. 2.—More than fifty witnesses were summoned to appear before Attorney General Merton E. Lewis today to testify in the investigation of a business of selling fraudulent affidavits for draft exemption, alleged to have been conducted by George Ringler and four associates, now under arrest.
Evidence that at least sixty-two exemptions of drafted men were obtained on affidavits by Ringler and his assistants, is said to be in possession of the adjutant general. The appeals were made from the district exemption board, headed by Charles E. Hughes, to the attorney general's office.

MOTHER IS ILL.
Dr. E. R. Curtis has learned of the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. D. A. Curtis of Greeley, Colo. Monday she was some better.

Regular Thursday night dance in
Moore hall. Square dances until 10 p. m., round dances until 12. Slothower's orchestra.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY
WANTED—Competent girl for general housework. Mrs. C. R. Leake, 424 Galena Ave. Phone K-609.
309 14

FOR SALE. Ford runabout; 10 gal. Ion keg A No. 1 roofing paint. Very cheap if taken at once. Phone X939.
12

FOR SALE. 17-foot Model A Morris canoe, complete; practically new. Must sell as owner is leaving town. Call K1101.
12

FOR SALE. Two choice brood sows; also one half-horsepower motor. W. A. Eater, R. F. D. No. 1.
1 13*

THE MAKING OF A FAMOUS MEDICINE
How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Prepared For Woman's Use.
A visit to the laboratory where this successful remedy is made impresses even the casual looker-on with the reliability, accuracy, skill and cleanliness which attends the making of this great medicine for woman's ills.
Over 350,000 pounds of various herbs are used annually and all have to be gathered at the season of the year when their natural juices and medicinal substances are at their best.
The most successful solvents are used to extract the medicinal properties from these herbs.
Every utensil and tank that comes in contact with the medicine is sterilized and as a final precaution in cleanliness the medicine is pasteurized and sealed in sterile bottles.
It is the wonderful combination of roots and herbs, together with the skill and care used in its preparation which has made this famous medicine so successful in the treatment of female ills.
The letters from women who have been restored to health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which we are continually publishing attest to its virtue.

For Skin Soreness
of infants and children you can find nothing that heals like
Sykes Comfort Powder
Leading physicians and nurses have used and endorsed it for more than 25 years. It is at the 1/2 and other drug stores. The Comfort Powder Co., Boston, Mass.

BRIEF

ate two was in town

Resek of the Camp Grant, is in the city for a visit with relatives.

Curtis Rice, who broke his leg in a fall from a ladder when the People's church burned, is able to be out on crutches, after some weeks in the hospital.

Joseph Keenan, who is attached to the Radio Division of Great Lakes Naval Training school, is here on six days' furlough.

Sherwood Dixon leaves tomorrow to enter the officers' training camp at Chillicothe, O.

Nate Morrill, who is attached to the aviation section of the U. S. army, has been transferred from San Antonio, Tex., to Wright Field, near Dayton, O.

W. W. Gligous, who has been attending the Jones National School of Auctioneering, expects to complete his course about Jan. 10, when he will return to Dixon.

O. H. Martin spent Monday in Sycamore.

E. N. Howell is reported some better today.

Mr. Slothower and Mr. Fie ter instructors in Dixons high school, have returned from their Christmas vacation.

Miss Beth Horion has returned from Polo where she spent the holidays with her aunt.

Mrs. I. G. Hoover of east of town is quite ill of pneumonia. Mrs. Lee Brierton is caring for her.

Charles Miller of the Bend underwent an operation at the Dixon hospital.

O. H. Martin was in Morrison today.

Miss Loraine Hopper, who has been ill for several weeks, does not improve as rapidly as friends could wish.

MRS. RICHARDS ILL.
Mrs. Richards of Moline is quite ill. Mrs. Richards is well known here and is an aunt of Mrs. Elizabeth Barge Martin.

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DIXON EVENING TELEGRAPH
Published By
The B. F. Shaw Printing Co.
124 East First Street, Dixon, Illinois,
Daily Except Sundays
Entered at the Post Office at the City of Dixon, Illinois, for transmission
through the mails, as second class mail matter.
THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF DIXON.
MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
By Carrier, One Year in Advance, \$5.00. Per Week, 10c. By Mail
in Advance, \$5.00 Per Year, or 25c Per Month.

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of all news credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the
local news published herein.
All right of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

HYMN OF HATE.

My Tuesdays are meatless,
My Wednesdays are wheatless,
I am getting more eatless each day.
My home it is heatless,
My bed it is sheetless,
They're all sent to the Y. M. C. A.
The bar-rooms are treatless,
My coffee is sweetless,
Each day I get poorer and wiser.
My stockings are feetless,
My trousers are seatless,
My God, but I do hate the kaiser.
—Author Unknown.

THE NEW YEAR.

Americans face the New Year with a calm and steady purpose and unshakable confidence, but not without a thought of what it may bring. There seems to be no doubt but that 1918 will see a crisis in the destinies of the warring nations of the world, of which we are one. Every ounce of unselfish patriotism, fortitude, energy and sacrifice that the people of this nation can muster is needed now. America, with its one hundred millions of people, with all its resources freely given and properly organized and welded, can turn the tide of war in favor of the allied nations. This great force, thrown into the struggle during this critical stage, can sweep the barbaric Hun hordes from the territory they have invaded and upon the riches and helplessness of which they are satisfying their gluttonous appetites for flesh, and blood, and treasure, and can batter down the very strongholds of Germany, and teach them that this world was not made for them to rule and ruin.

It is very possible that peace will come this year, but if it comes it will not be a German peace. No thought of pity for humanity, nor of the tragic wastage of human life that she has wrought will enter Germany's heart and move her to attempt to make amends. The Blond Beast of Europe considered all this, and is willing to continue to sacrifice his children, the millions who have gone to slaughter and millions more if the ends he seeks can be gained. It is power that German autocracy wants, and the price (that others pay) is no object.

Peace will come when Germany sees defeat as a certainty—when she fully realizes the irresistible power of the nations arrayed against her and their deadly, relentless determination to use that power to crush her—when she sees a possibility of an invasion of Germany and a visitation of punishment in like for her crimes against her lesser, weaker neighbors. For Germany is cowardly. Human nature does not contain at one time two such traits as true bravery and the ability to murder helpless innocents.

President Wilson has summed up the situation most admirably in the following concise manner:

FIRST.

"I say two things. First that this intolerable thing of which the masters of Germany have shown us the ugly face, this menace of combined intrigue and force which we now see so clearly as the German power, a thing without conscience or honor, or capacity for covenanted peace, must be crushed, and if it be not utterly brought to an end, at least shut out from the friendly intercourse of nations.

SECOND.

"Secondly, that when this thing and its power are indeed defeated, and the time comes that we can discuss peace—when the German people have spokesmen whose word we can believe, and when these spokesmen are ready in the name of their people to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the bases of law and of covenant for the life of the world—we shall be willing and glad to pay the full price for peace and pay it ungrudgingly. We know what that price will be. It will be full impartial justice, justice done at every point and to every nation that the final settlement must affect—our enemies as well as our friends."

JOIN THE RED CROSS TODAY.

Lee County is putting on her campaign for Red Cross members this week, and the finish of the work should show a total of ten thousand members. This county is not expected to furnish that many, but other counties, less able to do so than this, have a record of enlisting one out of every three inhabitants in war relief work, and Lee County should be up with the rest.

Don't be satisfied to pay your dollar and get your own name on the membership rolls. Enroll every member of your family and thereby earn the right to put a 100 per cent Red Cross service flag in your front window.

Your money can go to no nobler cause than the Red Cross. Your dollars will save lives and ease suffering, and will bring fine young American boys back to their mothers instead of leaving them to die on a blood-soaked, shell-torn battlefield in Flanders. You can't withhold your money when it will do such sacred work as that. These men have gone to fight for you and yours. They are avenging the murdered and outraged innocents of Belgium. They will force peace down the throats of the German war lords and they will make your home and our fireside and your family safe from the possibility of a visitation of German frightfulness. What are your dollars compared to that?

Don't hesitate and don't haggle with your conscience. Be able to say when this war is over that you did a little something to help. Not everybody can make the supreme and glorious sacrifice of giving one's all for the sake of the peace and safety of the world, but there are mighty few who cannot give a silver dollar or two to save the lives and restore the health of the heroes of the battlefields.

Don't wait to be asked. It should be your happy privilege to perform this duty, which is so small a personal sacrifice but which does such a vast amount of good service in the aggregate.

When you economize in food and fuel, you not only help America and hurt the kaiser, but you help yourself.

WHO AM "I"?

Most of us rejoice in our personal identity. We like ourselves so well that, no matter how unfortunate we are we seldom actually want to be anybody else.

And each thinks of himself in the singular, whereas we ought to recognize the three parts which exist in each self. There are "three Johns," as O. W. Holmes puts it, in every man:

1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
2. John's ideal of John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
3. Thomas' (a friend's) idea of John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Modern psychology explains the three parts of the "self" as the material "me," the social "me," and the spiritual "me."

Each "me" in any man is always in conflict with the other two selves, and sometimes one kills off the others, and the individual becomes insane. When self-esteem possesses a kaiser, he sets hell loose in the world. Most often one "me" becomes a giant while another shrinks to a dwarf. That is the common condition.

Just to see that each "me" is getting a fair chance, it is a good plan for a person to take stock of himself once in a while and to ask himself, "Who am I?"

It is generally easy to locate the material giant but often it is mighty hard to find the spiritual dwarf.

The weather prophet who picked New Year's Day for the beginning of the January thaw must have made his readings through the froth of a Tom and Jerry.

Many good things should come out of this war, and one of them should be permanent control of railroads by the federal government.

Get your 1918 Red Cross button now and start the New Year right.

WHAT UNCLE SAM PAYS SOLDIERS

Subject That Most People Know Very Little About.

WHOLE SYSTEM IS CHANGED

Private Gets \$33 a Month as Long as He is in the United States and 20 Per Cent Additional When He Goes Abroad—Allowance Made for Wife and Children—Dependent Parents Provided For.

Washington.—Ask the first ten people you meet what Uncle Sam pays his soldiers. It will be safe to bet they won't know.

Half of them may have some hazy idea about a "dollar a day," and you will find lots of people who think Uncle Sam still pays the old scale of \$13 a month, but few outside the army know the ins and outs of the wage scale, even for private soldiers.

The whole pay system of the United States army has been revolutionized since the war started.

A private in Uncle Sam's armies, regular, National Guard or National army, receives in cash, as long as he is in the United States, \$33 a month, in addition to food, clothing and medical attendance.

When he is sent to Europe he gets 20 per cent extra, whether in training or in the trenches, which brings the minimum cash pay up to \$39.60 a month, or \$1.30 a day.

The revolutionary part of the pay system, however, about which most people are ignorant, is the scale of allowances made by the government to the soldiers' dependents. We are thus breaking away from the old theory of paying soldiers a flat wage for fighting to the new theory that the nation is responsible for the welfare not only of the man in service, but for the dependents whom he left behind him.

Under this new scheme, if "there's a wee wife waiting" she receives each month direct from Uncle Sam \$15 a month, which is virtually an addition to the fighting man's wage, and brings his total compensation up to \$48 a month while he is in the United States and to \$54.60 abroad.

If there is one child with the wife, the allowance is \$25 a month; two children, \$32.50, and so on up to the point where, with a wife and six children, Uncle Sam pays \$50 a month in cash to the family.

Allowance for Parents Made.

It may not be enough to support them, even with what the enlisted man can send home out of his wages, but it is at least a recognition of Uncle Sam's responsibility and a bulwark against dependence on charity.

Allowances are also provided for dependent parents, \$10 a month for each, and for brothers, sisters and grandchildren, \$5 a month for each, with the proviso that in any case the government will not pay to the dependents of any man more than \$50 a month.

No mawkish prudery entered into the drafting of these provisions; by acknowledging his illegitimate child a soldier may secure for it the full governmental allowance, the only provision being that if it is born after December 31, 1917, it must be born in the United States. So in the case of a wife there need be no legal marriage if there is proof that they have lived together as man and wife for two years prior to enlistment.

Uncle Sam also sees to it that his soldiers do not throw all the burden of caring for dependents on his broad shoulders by making it compulsory for each man who has left a wife or child behind to pay over to them through the treasury at least \$15 a month and as much more as will equal the allowance which Uncle Sam makes up to half a man's pay. Thus for the man in service abroad who has left a wife and child behind the man will have to assign to them at least \$19.80 a month, to which the government will add \$25, making a total of \$44.80 which they are to receive.

The old pension system is wiped out by the new and far more equitable system of compensation for death and disability.

This compensation differs from that provided in any other law. It takes the family as the unit that is serving the nation, not the individual man.

Depends on Size of Family. It bases the compensation on the size of the family from time to time. While a totally disabled bachelor will get only \$30 a month, the man with a wife and four children will get \$75.

Twenty dollars is added if a nurse is required; \$10 a month as long as he may live, whether he is married or not. If he dies from injuries or disease received in the line of duty, the widow, children and widowed mother receive sums ranging from \$20 to \$75 a month, according to size of family. No distinction is made between a private and the highest officer.

In addition, every man may take out insurance up to \$10,000 at the actual cost of furnishing such insurance in peace times—the entire nation through the treasury bears the war risk. This insurance is wisely safeguarded to protect it from creditors, shyster lawyers and loan sharks.

The city of Lyon has opened a professional training school for the higher technical and scientific development of French women.

JAIL YANKEES IN RUSSIA

Bolshevik Arrest Members of U. S. Rail Mission.

Washington Sends Inquiry to Ambassador Francis—Gen. Korniloff Reported Dead.

London, Jan. 2.—It is reported that the bolsheviks have arrested the members of the American railway mission at Irkutsk, Siberia, a dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph from Petrograd says.

Washington, Jan. 2.—No word from official sources had reached the state department tonight regarding the reported arrest of members of the American railway mission at Irkutsk. The department's communication with Russia has been very irregular, however, and officials would not be surprised if the report were true. An inquiry will be sent to Ambassador Francis at Petrograd at once.

Although several railway units, each comprising several hundred men, are in Siberia to assist in improving conditions on the Trans-Siberian railway, it is thought that only a few could have been at Irkutsk. They probably are scattered in small detachments along the entire route.

Petrograd, Jan. 2.—A Ukrainian uhlan regiment which was proceeding to Kiev was surprised by maximalists between the stations of Gjatsek and Smolensk. The uhls refused to surrender and the maximalists opened fire upon them with a machine gun. Two of the uhlan officers and several dozens of the men were killed.

London, Jan. 2.—A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph from Petrograd says there is an unconfirmed report that Lieut. Gen. L. G. Korniloff, former commander in chief of the Russian armies, is dead.

FRENCH DRIVE RAIDERS BACK

Spirited Artillery Fighting Reported in Champagne.

Paris, Jan. 2.—The official communication says: "Spirited artillery fighting occurred in the Champagne. In the region of the Butte du Mesnil. A German raid on our small posts southeast of Beaumont was without result. We took prisoners."

London, Jan. 2.—"Considerable artillery activity on both sides in the neighborhood of Arleux-en-Gohelle and southeast of Lens" is reported in the official statement dealing with operations on the front in France.

Price of the Daily Telegraph by city carrier, 10 cents a week. Price by mail, \$3 a year. Single copies, 5 cents each.

Commander of Tanks In the Cambrai Region



Brig. Gen. H. J. Elles, D. S. O., is the man whose message, "The tank corps experts that every tank will do its damndest," sent the great fire-spitting monsters of steel crashing through the German lines at Cambrai. General Elles led the tanks on their rampage through the German lines when the British forces made remarkable gains without the aid of artillery preparation. He commanded the entire tank squadron in the advance on Cambrai.

MAJ. GEN. MANN BACK

Commander Who Took Rainbow Division Over Returns.

Says Troops Are Enthusiastic Over Intensive Training Which Brings Them Nearer Trenches.

An Atlantic Port, Jan. 2.—Among the passengers arriving here on a French liner were Major General Mann, who took the Rainbow division to France; Major General Siebert, who prepared the camps for Pershing's soldiers, and Major General Blanchford.

Before the three officers started on the first train for Washington to report to the war department, General Mann declared the American soldiers are enthusiastic over the intensive training which brings them nearer to the time when they may fight. Men of the American army are billeted comfortably, he said.

Representative George Molden Pinkham, who fired a shot from an Italian gun at the Austrians, was another passenger. He declared, laughingly, that he was not worried by the fact that his action rendered him liable to execution as a civilian combatant.

C. Anglesio, Roumanian minister to the United States, and Capt. Andre Turdieu, the French high commissioner to the United States, also were among the passengers.

PROMISES PEACE BY FORCE

Kaiser Makes Statement in Address to Troops Christmas Eve.

Amsterdam, Jan. 2.—"You, we all are instruments in the hands of Almighty God for restoring peace to the world," said the kaiser in an address to German troops in the Cambrai sector Christmas eve, following a solemn special field service, according to Berlin newspapers that reached here.

"You have just heard the eternal words, 'Peace upon earth,'" said the emperor. "You must have said to yourselves, 'How can Almighty God allow that in the fourth year we should still be at war amid continual suffering and death?'"

"War was sent to you and us by God for purification and self-examination. For nearly half a century we faithfully maintained peace. Then we saw our peace disturbed by others. Trusting in God's help, we have shown them how great is our strength. "But they still have the foolish hope they can conquer us. So it is by force we must bring back peace upon earth."

New Year's day was marked in Germany by a number of public utterances from high military personages presenting a rosy picture of the ensuing year as that in which "German arms will force peace."

Daniel Ortgiesen of route 2 was in town today.

Lloyd Scriven returned to his studies at the University of Minnesota on Sunday after a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Scriven.

Jolly Reformer

"I declare," said Mrs. Weatherford, "the way men look at these reforms is simply awful! If a man is dishonest they think it is a joke. If a man gets drunk that is also a joke. Everything is a joke. The possibility of foreigners taking possession of our country, whether they be Japanese, Hindus or Zulus, is also a joke. Woman suffrage is a joke. So is prohibition. I don't understand men."

"Now when I was getting ready for the prohibition parade Mr. Weatherford said he thought it a great pity we didn't have a czar in this country, and he added that all the Czar of Russia had to do was to say 'Nix on the vodka' and that settled the question of intoxication in his country for good and all, while we have parades and speeches and elections and volumes of logic and argument and other troublesome stuff that is a great waste of time."

"He said he thought it was a shame that 50,000 people would have to tramp to the polls and mark a long ballot, and that other people have to sit up for several nights counting ballots, and that the war now would be crowded out of the paper by it, when it was so easy and practical to have a czar who could just say 'Rouse mittem' and fettle it all."

"That man never will look at things seriously. He hurries home from church to read a book about two rascals that go around swindling everybody, and he laughs and chuckles and has a grand time over it, but the fact that the nation is going to the dogs, as pointed out by the minister, doesn't worry him at all."

"My father wasn't like that. He used to thunder at greed and hypocrisy and sham. My husband finds it amusing. If a policeman fails to arrive in time to prevent a fight my husband is well pleased. He gets his joke out of it. The more man and eggs cost the better the joke with him—"

"I should think he would laugh himself to death at that rate," observed Mrs. Carnochan. "I rather admire him for it. He has to pay for the eggs, anyway, and he might as well have his fun out of it."

"You shouldn't worry. The fact that your husband laughs at these things doesn't prove that he approves of them. He always lines up against the very institutions that he laughs at. That is the way with the men in this country half the time. They laugh at prohibition and then go and vote for it, just the same."

Heavenly Interference.

Marion was saying her prayers. "And please, God," she petitioned, "make Por" — d the capital of Maine. "Why, Marion!" said her shocked mother. "What made you say that?" Marion settled herself comfortably in the bed.

"Cause I made it that way in my examination paper," she said, "and I want it to be right."

Close Connection.

Ethel has the gift of graphic description. Until recently she was a little country girl; now she lives in a large town. The first letter she wrote back to her old home began like this:

"This is a queer place. Next door is fastened on to our house."

Harold Kieping will leave the last of the week for Dayton, O. to accept a position with the Delco Light people.

ITALIANS HURL AUSTRIANS OVER THE PIAVE RIVER

Latins Force Enemy to Abandon the Zenson Bridgehead, Says Rome.

FOE SUFFERS HEAVY LOSSES

Airmen Attack Aviation Camp at Istrana and Repeat Their Aggression Against Inhabitants of Open Towns.

Rome, Jan. 2.—The Austrians were compelled in consequence of Italian operations to abandon the Zenson bridgehead, where they had a lodgment on the western bank of the Piave river, and pass to the eastern bank of the river, the war office reports. All the Zenson bend is now held by the Italians.

Italians Hold All Ground.

The text of the statement follows: "At Zenson di Piave, owing to our energetic pressure begun on Thursday and continued without interruption, the enemy was obliged as the result of our combined operation with fire and detachments and after having suffered heavy losses to abandon the bridgehead and to pass again to the left bank of the river. All the ground in the bend is now held by us."

"On the remainder of the front the artillery action of both sides generally was moderate. Our artillery showed more activity on the Asiago plateau and the enemy's guns increased their fire in the Monte Tomba-Piave sector. Bombs Dropped on Cities.

"Enemy airmen attacked the aviation camp of Istrana and repeated their aggression against the inhabitants and open cities of Vicenza, Bassano Castel, Franco and Treviso, where bombs were dropped. Altogether we registered 13 dead and 44 wounded. The victims for the most part belonged to the civil population. The material damage was slight."

"Our air squadrons bombarded enemy aviation camps. Two hostile machines were brought down in the course of the day by French and British airmen."

War Committee Created.

A decree creating an Italian war committee, to be presided over by Premier Orlando, was published in the official journal. The committee consists of Baron Sonnino, the minister of foreign affairs; Signor Meda, minister of finance; General Alfieri, minister of war; Vice Admiral Debono, minister of marine; General Dallolio, minister of munitions, and another minister to be nominated by the premier.

The chiefs of the naval and military general staff will sit in the committee in an advisory capacity. The committee does not diminish the authority of the cabinet, to whom its decisions will be communicated by Premier Orlando.

Heavy Fire at Monte Tomba.

Berlin, Jan. 2.—Violent artillery duels raged all day in the Monte Tomba section of the northern Italian front, the statement given out by the German general staff says.

[This is the sector of the Italian front where the French made a successful offensive attack.]

Tom Richards spent New Years in Dixon.

January VICTOR Records

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All exceptionally good ones.

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As Age Advances the Liver Requires occasional slight stimulation. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS correct CONSTIPATION.

Genuine bears signature. Usually indicate the absence of iron in the blood, a condition which will be greatly helped by Carter's Iron Pills.

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Is beautifully located seventeen miles from Chicago on the Burlington Road, and is of easy access to the great metropolis of the Middle West.

Surrounded by spacious lawns and sixteen acres of beautifully wooded grounds, this institution provides a quiet, restful retreat for the chronic invalid.

The institution is also well equipped for the scientific and rational treatment of the sick, both medically and surgically,

this equipment including Swedish movements, electric apparatus, radiotherapy, hydrotherapy. Instruction in dietetics especially adapted to each patient, is part of the daily program; also individual physical training and mental diversion in the way of occupational therapy, both in and out of doors.

Private rooms with private telephone in each room and regular hotel service. Send for booklet. Address

THE HINSDALE SANITARIUM

HINSDALE, ILLINOIS

Fresh-Air War

Miss Maloney (taking off her coat and hat and giving her sleeves a hitch so that they come well above her elbows)—“Gee, it's chizzly 'n here! Say, Jimmy, run and get the window-pole, that's a good kid! I'm liable to freeze to death with that window open.”

“Miss Smith opened it, did she? Well, I guess here's where she gets a free lesson how to shut it again. Miss Smith ain't running this office 'farsa I ever heard. You just run along and get that pole.”

“Honest to goodness, it seems to me like I never did see such sassy kids! It certainly is the hardest thing to get 'em to do anything. Thanks, Jimmy. Just shove the window up while you're there, will you? I don't want to get my hands all dirty.”

“Well, I guess you will, too. Seems to me like you kids think you're running this office. My land, I wish the boss'd hand the job to me for a couple of days! There'd be some folks that'd be conspicuous by their absence when I handed the job back.”

“Well, if Miss Smith thinks that window's going to stay open, she's liable to get a little valuable information, too.”

“What's that? If I'd wear enough clothes I'd be warm enough? Well, I guess I got a right to dress like I please and not be exposed to ketching my death of cold just because I happen to be working in the same office with a couple of jealous old maids.”

“Now, Jimmy, you push up that window. Very well, sir, if you don't see fit to do as you're told, I guess there's folks can attend to you.”

“You never mind who, I guess I got enough stand-in in this office to have folks see that I don't freeze to death right at my own desk.”

“Well, you gimme that pole, then! There, now! I guess that'll hold you for a while, anyway.”

“Now, Jimmy, you leave that window alone. If you dare to open it I'll certainly speak to— Well, never you mind who. It'll be somebody that'll see to you fast enough.”

“Now, look a here, Jimmy McGuire, you shut that window now, right this minute! Miss Jones wants it open, too, does she? Well, I guess I got enough of a stand-in with some folks to show you and both those old maids where they get off at.”

“No, I don't think I'm the boss, but I guess you better be kind of careful— Maybe you ain't scared yet? I never said you was. That shows you got something coming to you.”

“No, Miss Jones, I most certainly don't intend to have that window open. That hasn't got a thing to do with it. I got a right to dress like I please without being exposed to take my death of cold just because I gotta work in the same office with a bunch of jealous old maids that'd squeal and run if they saw any stylish dressing—it's so unfamiliar to them.”

“I most assuredly do consider my clothes stylish! I guess I take enough time planning 'em and they cost enough, too. I guess, if I didn't dress any more stylish than some folks not a mile away that I could mention, I'd be just liable to be an old maid as they are.”

“I ain't denying there may be worse things than being an old maid. I certainly never said I was crazy to get married, but I do know that if I don't get married it won't be because I didn't have plenty of chances. There's some folks that I could mention not a mile away that I bet never had a beau to their names.”

“I tell you fair and square, Miss Jones, that window ain't going to be left open—not if I have to go to the boss and speak to him about it right to his face. Just's soon's he comes out of his private office—

“Oh, you're going right now, are you? Well, I certainly think you're making the biggest mistake of your life. And I guess I have a good deal better stand-in in this office than some folks I could mention.”

“It ain't that I don't like fresh air. I like it just's well's anybody. Don't I open my window every night, even when it gets real cold sometimes? But I tell you I just can't stand a draft, I'm constituted so delicate! I ain't rough and strong like some folks.”

“Wearing low necks and short sleeves don't have a thing to do with it. I'm more liable to take cold when I bundle up.”

“What's that? He says the window's going to be left open if the other girls want it that way and I can put my coat on if I'm cold? Well, I certainly don't intend to have my personal liberty interfered with to that extent. And if I'd known what kind of a man was boss here I never would of accepted the position. There was a couple of others where they was crazy to have me, only there was other girls applying at the same time and they was so kind of plain-looking and not a bit of style, so I knew it would be awful hard for them to get a position and, of course, with me I don't need to stay any place where it ain't entirely congenial. I can go out and get a good job any minute of the day.”

“Just soon's the boss comes out of his private office I shall go in and tell him that I ain't accustomed to associate with such rough, crude kind of folks, so I guess I'd better go some where else.”

“No, Miss Jones, I certainly ain't going to interrupt him while he's busy in his private office, and I don't know as it's any of your business anyway. I shall go in and speak to him when I get good and ready!”

Takes Newland's Place at Head of Committee



Senator Ellison D. Smith succeeds the late Senator Newlands as chairman of the senate committee on interstate commerce and of the joint congressional committee. He already is chairman of the committee on immigration.

COAL FOR NEW YORK

McAdoo Orders Fuel Rushed Through Hudson Tunnels.

Director General Is Given Additional Ships to Carry Coal From Newport News to New England.

Washington, Jan. 2.—Director General McAdoo ordered the Pennsylvania railroad tunnels under the Hudson river, heretofore used exclusively for passenger trains, to be used for coal trains for the relief of New York City and Brooklyn.

Through the shipping board, the director general got additional ships to carry coal from Newport News to New England.

Formal suspension of all government priority directions was ordered by Robert S. Lovett, government director of priority, to hasten the movement of railroad traffic. The order supersedes unofficial notification sent to railroads by Mr. McAdoo instructing them to disregard priority orders if necessary to clear congestion.

This action, officials said, would go far toward clearing choked terminals of cars. It will leave to the railroads' traffic experts the task of moving freight in the most expeditious way possible and will do away with priority directions now issued by the thousand in various government departments.

Relief from the cold wave in the East was promised by the weather bureau. While the East is suffering from the cold the western half of the country, except in the Pacific states, is enjoying decidedly warmer weather. In the South temperatures below freezing were predicted.

Much difficulty is being experienced by the government in heating buildings taken over for temporary war work of executive departments. Since the cold wave began heat has been cut off from the famous east room, other parlors and the state dining room of the White House.

New York, Jan. 2.—Reeve Schley, county fuel administrator, said here that the order for the use of the Pennsylvania tunnels to bring coal into New York city, issued by Director General McAdoo, was asked for by the local fuel authorities. It is not the intention, he said, to unload the coal at the Pennsylvania terminal in Manhattan, as this is built only for passenger traffic, but it would be carried on through to the Long Island railroad freight terminal in Long Island City for unloading and shipment into the city. There are facilities, he said, for unloading six cars at a time over there, and by working 24 hours a day it is expected 10,000 tons can be unloaded in that period.

SHACKLETON PARTY MISSING

Antarctic Relief Ship Aurora Believed Lost With All Hands.

London, Jan. 2.—The Daily Mail says it is feared that the antarctic relief ship Aurora, which took part in the Shackleton expedition, has been lost with all hands while returning to England. It is understood the vessel sailed from Wellington, N. Z., in June with a crew of about twenty-two and nothing has been heard from it since. Vessels sent out to search for it found only a life buoy marked “Aurora” and some wreckage. Lloyds recently posted the Aurora as being considerably overdue.

Two Killed in Blast.

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 2.—Two men are dead here as the result of an explosion in the plant of the Giant Powder company in Nanos Bay, near the great coal center of Nanaimo. Details of the accident are suppressed.

BY MAIL.

The Evening Telegraph and the Chicago Daily Tribune or Herald, \$6.40.

Other Girls' Husbands

“It's very sweet of you to ask me, and, of course, I'm awfully honored,” murmured the pretty girl with auburn hair, “but I've decided never to marry at all.”

“Huh!” snorted the young man with the aggressive jaw. “I see you being an old maid—not! Besides, that isn't the way you were talking the other evening. What's come over you, anyhow, Felicia? Out with it!”

“Vinegar never catches flies,” murmured Felicia. “If you'd be politer about it—”

“All right, then—please!”

“Well, then, began Felicia, “I've been visiting all my married friends and asking questions and learning things. Of course, I had no idea that you cared a bit for me, that way, but—”

“But you believe in preparedness. I understand.”

“Anyhow, I learned an awful lot,” Felicia hurried on. “About husbands, I mean. And I've decided I don't want one of my own. I'm going to be a bachelor girl, and carve out a career for myself.”

“May I ask what kind of career you expect to follow?” inquired her caller, with somewhat chilly politeness.

“Well, I haven't decided that definitely yet,” loftily. “What was I talking about? Oh, yes, husbands! There's Mary Moyer's, for instance. He's the stingiest thing! When Mary buys something for herself—which isn't very often, poor girl!—she has to tell him that she paid only about half what she really did, because if she told the truth he'd raise the roof. Where does she get the money? Why, she sneaks it out of the house allowance. You see, she pays cash for the groceries and things, and when he asks how much the steak cost she tells him fifty cents if it was really only forty cents, and pretends the butter is forty-nine cents, when it's only forty-four, and so on. Then she keeps the difference for herself, you see.”

“Then there's Persis Brown's husband. He hardly ever comes home for dinner any two nights in one week, and he won't even trouble to ‘phone that he's staying downtown. Persis puts dinner on the table and waits and waits, and by the time everything's cold she knows he isn't coming.”

“And George Brewster, who married Bertha Clay, is the moodiest creature! Bertha says that often he hardly speaks at all for days at a time. When she asks why he says he's thinking! And Mabel White's husband is so jealous he doesn't even want Mabel to have girl friends, and when any of them go there he sits around and simply glares! And Milly King's William, who seems a perfect gentleman, is really just the opposite. Why, he kicks the dog!”

There was silence for a moment after these startling revelations. Then the young man reached for his hat.

“Well, good-by, Felicia,” he said sadly. “Of course, my dream is shattered and my future seems a poor thing to me now; but I understand just how you feel after hearing those dreadful things from your friends, and I don't blame you at all. Good luck to you in your career, my dear.”

“Wait!” cried Felicia. The young man paused at the door.

“You wouldn't be stingy or jealous or moody, would you?” she asked him.

“Well, I should say not,” denied the young man. “What's more, I'll be home to dinner every single night except when we go out together. And I never kicked a dog in my whole life!” he ended in a burst of confidence.

“Haven't you really?” asked Felicia.

“No,” said the young man with the aggressive jaw. “Not really!”

“That's funny,” said Felicia. “And all those other things—”

“Dear,” said the young man, “your friends merely used poor judgement in picking out their partners. They are unfortunately limited. They did not have the splendid powers of discrimination that you are going to show in taking me.”

“Oh!” said the pretty girl. “You put everything so clearly! Please hang up your hat again and your coat and let's talk it all over!”

Precious Fuel.

A prominent Omaha citizen was walking down the street in an uncertain way, holding a handkerchief to his face. A friend accosted him and demanded to know what the trouble might be.

“I've something in my eye,” exclaimed the sufferer, “and it hurts like the dickens!”

“Why don't you step into this drug store and have the clerk take it out?” snorted his friend.

“I'm afraid to,” replied the man with the red eye. “It might be a piece of coal!”

This is thrift such as America never knew before.

Proved It.

The hostess summoned one of her guests to the lawn to try his luck with the new moon, and said: “You must hold this silver dollar in your left hand, look at the new moon over your right shoulder, make a wish and it will come true.”

The thing was very quickly done, and they rejoined the party. Later the hostess asked if the wish had been made, and, upon being informed that it had, she remarked: “Where is my silver dollar?”

“Oh!” replied the guest. “I wished that I might keep the silver dollar, and it came true.”

HOUSEWIVES.

We have a supply of white paper for the pantry shelves and bureau drawers. B. F. Shaw Printing Co.

PLOTTERS FIRE NORFOLK, VA.; SUSPECTS HELD

Two Blocks in Business District Swept by Flames—Jackies Guard City.

MARTIAL LAW IS DECLARED

German Plot to Destroy Town Suspected—Hugo Schmidt and H. K. Lessing Arrested—Property Loss Placed at \$5,000,000.

Norfolk, Va., Jan. 2.—A plot to destroy this city—the center of the war activities of the United States, was declared by the authorities to be responsible for a series of fires which leveled two blocks in the heart of Norfolk's business district.

Martial law has been declared. More than 2,500 marines and bluejackets from nearby naval stations are assisting the police and Home Guards in maintaining order and preventing vandalism.

Five Suspects Arrested.

Five men have been arrested on suspicion of starting the fires. Two of them, Hugo Schmidt and H. K. Lessing, said to be Germans, were turned over to department of justice agents.

Loss Estimated at \$5,000,000.

The damage is roughly estimated at \$5,000,000. The police and naval authorities are certain the fires were set by plotters, who hoped to destroy this city and thus place an almost incredible hindrance in the path of this government's war plans. Three distinct explosions in as many buildings, one after the fire had once virtually been brought under control, strengthened the belief that enemy agents were at work.

Fire Starts in Theater.

The fire started before dawn in the old Granby theater, on Granby street. It gained headway rapidly. The firemen were handicapped by frozen fire hydrants, low water pressure and near zero temperature.

The fire quickly spread to the Monticello hotel and other nearby buildings in the block. It was brought under control late in the day, but broke out anew later, leaped across Granby street and leveled half of the block before being checked.

Falling Walls Kill Firemen.

Falling floors and walls took toll of firemen and naval guards. One fireman, Charles McCoy, was killed and seven others hurt in the collapse of an upper floor of the Monticello hotel in the day. Tonight two firemen and several sailors were caught in a falling wall of the Lenox building. Three were killed and four injured.

Firemen of Norfolk and Suffolk, with organized sailor fire brigades, fought heroically amid ice and blinding smoke. Bluejackets led the work when the firemen were trapped. Several of the firemen caught in the hotel were brought out alive through the daring of a score of sailors.

Guests Flee From Hotel.

Guests from the Monticello, who were forced to flee in the biting cold of the dawn after they had watched the theater burn, were taken care of in nearby homes and hotels. As building after building went down, scores were made homeless. The National Guard armory on City Hall avenue was thrown open to them.

Handicapped by Frozen Hydrants.

When the firemen responded to the alarm for the theater fire they found all hydrants in the vicinity frozen.

Portsmouth, across the Elizabeth river, was called upon for aid. The combined departments apparently were making good headway against the flames when the explosion occurred in the cloak shop and another blaze started. Suffolk then was asked for aid and rushed apparatus to the city by train.

Bluejackets Patrol Streets.

When the second explosion occurred, this time in the Monticello, Mayor Mayo turned the city over to the naval authorities. They placed patrols throughout the business districts and threw a cordon of marines and bluejackets around the fire district. Then they began picking up persons unable to account for themselves.

Block of Buildings Destroyed.

The block of Granby street from City Hall avenue to Tazewell street virtually was destroyed. Only two buildings, the Dixon and Commercial structures, both new, escaped destruction. They were badly damaged.

Just at dusk the fire in the Monticello broke out afresh, and despite the heroic work of the firemen and sailors the Lenox, Carpenter and Tazewell buildings, six-story structures across the street, were wrecked.

Although the fire is still burning in the ruins, the fire chief announced that the danger was over if the naval patrols could “check the work of incendiaries.”

Wind Saved Big Blocks.

The fire swept districts only three blocks from the Elizabeth river water front on the north and five on the west. It is more than a mile from the Norfolk navy yard.

That the big docks along the water front were spared is due to the fact that the wind blew steadily away from the harbor and the warehouse district. The custom house, a block from the scene, was not threatened.

—The Telegraph is the oldest and largest paper, all the time, in Lee county. It has something else in its favor which our advertisers appreciate. We are members of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

“PRIEST” ARRESTED AS SPY

Rev. F. X. Holmberg Seized at Billings, Mont., on Espionage Charge.

Billings, Mont., Jan. 2.—Rev. F. X. Holmberg, said to be a pastor of a Catholic church at Bellefield, N. D., was arrested on an espionage charge, while posing as a Chicago attorney buying land. Among his effects were found a code book and small arms. According to the officers, he had become engaged to a domestic in a prominent Billings family. It is charged he was formerly professor in Munich university and pastor of a church in Italy.

BRITISH ENVOYS TO RESIGN?

Ambassador Spring-Rice May Leave Washington Post Soon.

London, Jan. 2.—The Chronicle's parliamentary correspondent writes:

“If it be the case, as is rumored, that Sir George Buchanan is about to resign at Petrograd, there will soon be three important embassies vacant—viz., Washington, Petrograd and Paris—for it is known that Lord Bertie and Sir Cecil Spring-Rice are on the eve of retirement.”

Spring-Rice has been ambassador to the United States since 1912, succeeding Viscount Bryce. Lord Bertie has been ambassador at Paris since 1905. Buchanan became ambassador to Russia in 1910.

HIGHER MILK PRICE IN N. Y.

Hoover Approves Increase Allowed by Federal Body.

Washington, Jan. 2.—The increased milk prices in New York allowed by the federal milk commission are approved formally by Herbert Hoover, United States food administrator, and responsibility for the rise, through the increased cost of cattle feed, is attributed to the railroad congestion. The new railroad control, he says, may bring about lower milk prices.

SECRET OF DRY NAVY IS TOLD

Mrs. Daniels Explains Why Husband Issued Famous Order.

Philadelphia, Jan. 2.—Prohibition came to the United States navy because a young officer who had never tasted liquor before entering the navy became drunk and was court-martialed. Mrs. Josephus Daniels, wife of the secretary of the navy, let the secret out on New Year's day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, where she and her sister, Miss Ethel Bagley, helped receive at an informal entertainment to 250 officers of the navy and marine corps and their wives.

“A young officer was court-martialed and reduced several points for intoxication,” Mrs. Daniels explained. “His uncle, a friend, bitterly upbraided my husband about his confirmation of the court-martial, declaring that the officer had never touched liquor until he entered the navy and that the navy was entirely responsible through its official life for his indiscretion. My husband at once issued an order forbidding all intoxicants to men of the navy.”

BLAST AT U. S. YARD KILLS 2

Negro Firemen Lose Lives in Explosion at Philadelphia.

Washington, Jan. 2.—Two negro firemen were killed and six injured in a boiler explosion at the Philadelphia navy yard, the navy department reported.

Fairmont, W. Va., Jan. 2.—Edward Stanley was killed and James Pyles and John Yost were probably fatally injured when a section of the Monongahela Powder company's plant, five miles from this city, blew up. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Jack Britton Has Shade Over Duffy.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 2.—Jack Britton had a slight shade over Jimmy Duffy at the end of ten rounds here.

MISSING ADDRESSES.

The following men have been posted by the local board for Lee county as having moved and left no address, and therefore their questionnaires are undelivered:

George Tonosoff, Arthur C. Pratt, Don Herman Lampton, Nick Christ.

FRENCH VICTORY IN ITALY GROWS

Captured 1,304 Men and Forty-Four Austrian Officers in Initial Drive.

BATTLE SHORT AND SHARP

Attack in Monte Tomba Region Was Executed by Three Battalions of Picked Troops—Foe's Trenches Wrecked by Artillery.

Italian Headquarters in Northern Italy, Jan. 2.—The magnitude of the achievement of the French troops on the Monte Tomba region grows as full details are received.

In addition to 1,348 men, including 44 Austrian officers, several of high rank, made prisoner, and seven large guns captured, the booty includes 60 machine guns, several trench quick-firers and a great amount of miscellaneous war material.

But the chief significance of the stroke is the change from defensive to offensive tactics, and the stirring enthusiasm and sureness with which the French delivered their initial blow against the enemy lines.

Thus far the enemy has been on the offensive, with the Italians delivering telling defensive blows.

French Turn Scale.

Now, however, the French have turned the scale, and the enemy is being attacked in this sector for the first time since he reached the Plave.

The story of the fight shows thoroughness of preparation and heroic bravery in execution. The scene was southeast of Monte Tomba, a low, snowless mountain just west of the Plave, where the allied lines turn into the mountain region.

Here the artillery preparation began Saturday, but the main bombardment began at noon Sunday and increased hourly until the enemy was deluged by the French fire.

It was then that the crack French infantry swung forward in steady lines from Osteria di Monfenera and Maranzine, a front of about two miles. The heaviest forces were on the right wing. Italian and British airmen at the same time attacked the enemy from the air.

Fight Short and Sharp.

The struggle was comparatively short and sharp, with most of the fighting on the right wing. The artillery had so damaged the enemy positions that he was unable to make any effective resistance. The French losses were comparatively insignificant.

Three Battalions in Attack.

French Army Headquarters in Italy, Jan. 2.—The attack of French troops in the Monte Tomba region was executed by three battalions of picked men. The artillery preparation, which was intense, lasted for hours, and then at 4:15 o'clock the French made a brilliant and impetuous charge.

GERMANS FEAR U. S. RAID

Great Nervousness Reported Throughout Country.

London, Jan. 2.—Allied air raids over Germany are awakening the people to a recognition of their rulers' mistaken air ruthlessness, according to the Amsterdam correspondent of the Times.

There is great nervousness throughout Germany, especially in the more exposed parts, he says, owing to the reported intention of the Americans to invade Germany by air.

The object is discussed universally, though efforts are made to calm anxiety by declarations about “American bluff.”

The frequent explosions in munitions factories, the correspondent adds, are causing the German military authorities anxiety, not only because of the interference with the supply of munitions but also because of unrest in the districts where the explosions occur. The unrest has been acute since the advent of frost.

M. F. Barnhizer of Polo was here today.

BUY JOHNSON'S Freeze Proof

100% Perfect.

Once Put in--Will Last All Winter.

Most Freeze-Proof Solutions Evaporate

“JOHNSON'S” WILL NOT

Many Auto Owners find after using most Freeze-Proof solutions that they must continually buy more to keep the Radiator from Freezing.

Johnson's FREEZE-PROOF Lasts ALL Winter. : : :

Those who bought early this Winter are still using the same solution without evaporation.

\$1.50 per Package \$2.85 for two Pkgs.

GRAYBILL'S Tire & Accessory Shop Near the Bridge



The Evening Line-Up

Both children and grown-ups, with coughs and colds, are all the better for a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar at bed time. It wards off croup, stops tickling throat, and hacking coughs, and makes an otherwise feverish, sleepless night of coughing and distress, a quiet and restful one.

BROWNVILLE, TEXAS, Mr. Chas. Baker, writes: “My wife would not think of using any other cough medicine, as Foley's Honey and Tar is certain to bring quick relief.”

“It is especially effective in cases of bad coughs, and we give it to our children and commend it always as a safe remedy, for it contains no opiates.”

Sold Everywhere.

The purpose of this advertisement is to bring the importance of saving to the attention of the public. Never before has saving been so necessary. Our soldiers and sailors alone cannot win the war. They must be backed by the thrifty people at home to be an invincible force for victory and peace. The future of our country, after the war, will be more secure if every American will spend carefully, save carefully and invest carefully.



MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

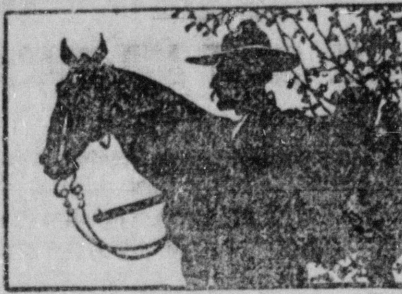
The LONE STAR RANGER

A ROMANCE OF THE BORDER

by ZANE GREY

AUTHOR OF
"THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS"
"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE", ETC.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—In Weston, Texas, a fight or run from Cal Bann. Duane kills his man and becomes an outlaw.

CHAPTER II.—He meets Luke Stevens, an outlaw.

CHAPTER III.—Stevens goes into the town of Mercer to buy supplies and is shot by a rancher. Duane buries him.

CHAPTER IV.

Two days later, about the middle of the forenoon, Duane dragged the two horses up the last ascent of an exceedingly rough trail and found himself on top of the Rim Rock, with a beautiful, green valley at his feet, the yellow, sluggish Rio Grande shining in the sun, and the great, wild mountainous barren of Mexico stretching to the south.

No wonder outlaws were safe in that wild refuge! Duane had spent the last two days climbing the roughest and most difficult trail he had ever seen. From the looks of the descent he imagined the worst part of his travel was yet to come.

The trail proved to be the kind that could not be descended slowly. He kept dodging rocks which his horses loosed behind him. And in a short time he reached and rode down the green retreat, wondering what would be his reception.

The valley was much larger than it had appeared from the high elevation. Well watered, green with grass and trees, and farmed evidently by good hands, it gave Duane a considerable surprise. Horses and cattle were everywhere. Every clump of cottonwoods surrounded a small adobe house. Duane saw Mexicans working in the fields and horsemen going to and fro. Presently he passed a house bigger than the others, with a porch attached. A woman, young and pretty, he thought, watched him from a door. No one else appeared to notice him.

Presently the trail widened into a road, and that into a kind of square lined by a number of adobe and log buildings of rudest structure. Within sight were horses, dogs, a couple of steers, Mexican women with children, and white men, all of whom appeared to be doing nothing. His advent created no interest until he rode up to the white men, who were loitering in the shade of a house. This place evidently was a store and saloon, and from the inside came a lazy hum of voices.

As Duane reined to a halt one of the loungers in the shade rose with a loud exclamation:

"Bust me if that ain't Luke's boss!" The others accorded their interest. If not assent, by rising to advance toward Duane.

"How about it, Euchre? Ain't that Luke's boy?" queried the first man.

"Plain as your nose," replied the fellow called Euchre.

"There ain't no doubt about that, then," laughed another, "for Bosmer's nose is shore plain on the landscape."

These men lined up before Duane, and as he coolly regarded them he thought they could have been recognized anywhere as desperadoes. The man called Bosmer, who had stepped forward, had a forbidding face, which showed yellow eyes, an enormous nose, and a skin the color of dust, with a thatch of sandy hair.

"Stranger, who are you an' where in the hell did you git that bay hoss?" he demanded. His yellow eyes took in Stevens' horse, then the weapons hung on the saddle, and finally turned their glances, hard light upward to Duane.

Duane did not like the tone in which he had been addressed, and he remained silent. Something leaped inside of him and made his breast feel tight. He recognized it as that strange emotion which had shot through him often of late, and which had decided him to go out to the meeting with Bann. Only now it was different, and more powerful.

"Stranger, who are you?" asked another man, somewhat more civilly.

"My name's Duane," replied Duane, curtly.

"An' how'd you come by the hoss?" Duane answered briefly, and his words were followed by a short silence, during which the men looked at him. Bosmer began to twist the ends of his beard.

"Reckon he's dead, all right, or no-body'd hev his hoss an' guns," presently said Euchre.

"Bosmer Duane," began Bosmer, in low, stinging tones, "I happen to be Luke Stevens' side partner."

Duane looked him over from dusty, worn-out boots to his slouchy sombrero. That look seemed to inflame Bosmer.

"An' I want the hoss an' them guns," he shouted.

"You or anybody else can have them, for all I care. I just fetched them in. But the pack is mine," replied Duane. "And, say, I befriended your pard. If you can't use a civil tongue you'd better catch it."

"Civil? Hoss, haw," rejoined the outlaw. "I ain't takin' your word. Sassy that? An' I was Luke's pard!"

With that Bosmer wheeled, and, putting his companions aside, he

stamped into the saloon, where his voice broke out in a roar.

Duane dismounted and threw his bridle. "Stranger, Bosmer is shore hot-headed," said the man Euchre. He did not appear unfriendly, nor were the others hostile.

At this juncture several more outlaws crowded out of the door, and the one in the lead was a tall man of stalwart physique. His manner proclaimed him a leader. He had a long face, a flaming red beard, and clear, cold blue eyes that fixed in close scrutiny upon Duane. He was not a Texan; in truth, Duane did not recognize one of these outlaws as native to his state.

"I'm Bland," said the tall man, authoritatively. "Who're you, and what're you doing here?"

Duane looked at Bland as he had at the others. This outlaw chief appeared to be reasonable, if he was not courteous. Duane told his story again, this time a little more in detail.

"I believe you," replied Bland at once. "Think I know when a fellow is lying."

"I reckon you're on the right track," put in Euchre. "That about Luke wantin' his boots took off—that satisfies me. Luke had a mortal dread of dyin' with his boots on."

At this sally the chief and his men laughed.



"I Want the Hoss an' Them Guns."

"You said Duane—Buck Duane?" queried Bland. "Are you a son of that Duane who was a gun-fighter some years back?"

"Yes," replied Duane.

"Never met him, and glad I didn't," said Bland, with a grin humor. "So you got in trouble and had to go on the dodge? What kind of trouble?"

"Had a fight."

"Fight? Do you mean gun-play?" questioned Bland. He seemed eager, curious, speculative.

"Yes. It ended in gun-play. I'm sorry to say," answered Duane.

"Guess I needn't ask the son of Duane if he killed his man," went on Bland, ironically. "Well, I'm sorry you bucked against trouble in my camp. But, as it is, I guess you'd be wise to make yourself scarce."

"Do you mean I'm politely told to move on?" asked Duane, quietly.

"Not exactly that," said Bland, as if irritated. "If this isn't a free place there isn't one on earth. Every man is equal here. Do you want to join my band?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, even if you did, I imagine that wouldn't stop Bosmer. He's an ugly fellow. Merely for your own sake, I advise you to hit the trail."

"Thanks. But if that's all, I'll stay," returned Duane. Even as he spoke he felt that he did not know himself.

Bosmer appeared at the door, pushing men who tried to detain him, and as he jumped clear of a last reaching hand, he uttered a snarl like an angry dog. Bland and the other outlaws quickly moved aside, letting Duane stand alone. When Bosmer saw Duane standing motionless and watchful, a strange change passed quickly in him. He halted in his tracks, and as he did that the men who had followed him out piled over one another in their hurry to get to one side.

Duane saw all the swift action, felt intuitively the meaning of it, and in Bosmer's sudden change of front, the outlaw was keen, and he had expected a shrinking, or at least a frightened antagonist. Duane knew he was neither. He felt like iron, and yet thrill after thrill ran through him. The outlaw had come out to kill him. And now, though somewhat checked by the stand of a stranger, he still meant to kill. But he did not speak a word. He remained motionless for a long moment, his eyes pale and steady, his right hand like a claw.

That instant gave Duane a power to read in his enemy's eyes the thought that preceded action. But Duane did not want to kill another man. Still, he would have to fight, and he decided to cripple Bosmer. When Bosmer's hand moved Duane's gun was spouting fire. Two shots only—both from Duane's gun—and the outlaw fell with his right arm shattered. Bosmer cursed harshly, and floundered in the dust, trying to reach the gun with his left hand. His comrades, however, seeing that Duane would not kill unless forced, closed in upon Bosmer and prevented any further madness on his part.

Of the outlaws present Euchre appeared to be the one most inclined to lend friendliness to curiosity; and he led Duane and the horses away to a small adobe shack. He tied the horses in an open shed and removed their saddles. Then, gathering up Stevens' weapons, he invited his visitor to enter the house.

It had two rooms—windows without coverings—bare floors. One room contained blankets, weapons, saddles and bridles; the other a stone fireplace, rude table and bench, two bunks, a box cupboard, and various blackened utensils.

"Make yourself to home as long as you want to stay," said Euchre. "I ain't rich in this world's goods, but I own what's here, an' you're welcome." "Thanks. I'll stay awhile and rest. I'm pretty well played out," replied Duane.

Euchre gave him a keen glance.

"Go ahead an' rest. I'll take your horses to grass."

Euchre left Duane alone in the house. Duane relaxed then, and mechanically he wiped the sweat from his face. He was laboring under some kind of a spell or shock which did not pass off quickly. When it had worn away he took off his coat and belt and made himself comfortable on the blankets. And he had a thought that, if he rested or slept, what difference would it make on the morrow? No rest, no sleep could change the gray outlook of the future. He felt glad when Euchre came bustling in, and for the first time he took notice of the outlaw.

Euchre was old in years. What little hair he had was gray, his face clean shaven and full of wrinkles; his eyes were half shut from long gazing through the sun and dust. He stooped. But his thin face denoted strength and endurance still unimpaired.

"Hev a drink or a smoke?" he asked.

Duane shook his head. He had not been unfamiliar with whisky, and he had used tobacco moderately since he was sixteen. But now, strangely, he felt a disgust at the idea of stimulants. He did not understand clearly what he felt. There was that vague idea of something wild in his blood, something that made him fear himself.

Euchre wagged his old head sympathetically. "Reckon you feel a little sick. When it comes to shootin', I run. What's your age?"

"I'm twenty-three," replied Duane.

Euchre showed surprise. "You're only a boy! I thought you thirty anyway. Buck, I heard what you told Bland, an' puttin' that with my own fegitin', I reckon you're no criminal yet. Throwin' a gun in self-defense—that ain't no crime!"

Duane, finding relief in talking, told more about himself.

"Iuh," replied the old man. "I've seen hundreds of boys come in on the dodge. Most of them, though, was no good. An' that kind don't last long. This river country has been an' is the refuge for criminals from all over the states. I've bunked with bank cashiers, forgers, plain thieves, an' out-and-out murderers, all of which had no business on the Texas border. Tellers like Bland are exceptions. He's no Texan—you seen that. The gang he rules here come from all over, an' they're tough cusses, you can bet on that. They live fat an' easy. If it wasn't for the fightin' among themselves, they'd shore grow popular."

The Rim Rock is no place for a peaceable, decent feller. I heard you tell Bland you wouldn't like to join his gang. They'll not make him take a likin' to you. Have you any money?"

"Not much," replied Duane.

"When the money's gone how will you live? There ain't any work a decent feller could do. You can't herd with greasers. Why, Bland's men would shoot at you in the fields. What'll you do, son?"

"God knows," replied Duane, hopelessly. "I'll make my money last as long as possible—then starve."

"Wal, I'm pretty pore, but you'll never starve while I got anythin'."

Here it struck Buck again—that something human and kind and eager which he had seen in Stevens. Duane's estimate of outlaws had lacked this quality. He had not accorded them any virtues. To him, as to the outside world, they had been merely vicious men without one redeeming feature.

"I'm much obliged to you, Euchre," replied Duane. "But of course I won't live with anyone unless I can pay my share."

"Have it any way you like, my son," said Euchre, good-humoredly. "You make a fire, an' I'll set about gettin' grub. I'm a sour-dough, Buck. They man doesn't live who can beat my bread."

"How do you ever pack supplies in here?" asked Duane, thinking of the almost inaccessible nature of the valley.

"Some comes across from Mexico, an' the rest down the river. That river trip is a bird. It's more'n five hundred miles to any supply point. Bland has muzzos, greaser boatmen. Sometimes, too, he gets supplies in from down-river. You see, Bland sells thousands of cattle in Cuba. An' all this stock has to go down by boat to meet the ships."

"Where on earth are the cattle driven down to the river?" asked Duane.

"That's not my secret," replied Euchre shortly. "Fact is, I don't know."

I've rustled cattle for Bland, but he never sent me through the Rim Rock with them."

Duane experienced a sort of pleasure in the realization that interest had been stirred in him. He was curious about Bland and his gang, and glad to have something to think about. For every once in a while he had a sensation that was almost like a pang. He wanted to forget. In the next hour he did forget, and enjoyed helping in the preparation and eating of the meal. Euchre, after washing and hanging up the several utensils, put on his hat and turned to go out.

"Come along or stay here, as you want," he said to Duane.

"I'll stay," rejoined Duane slowly.

The old outlaw left the room and trudged away, whistling cheerfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Keeping Order

"Yes, sah, boss," said Professor Rastus Brown to the superintendent of education, "I don't lay down on my job so to speak. I herewif han's in my resignation."

He explained that his patience was exhausted, adding that if he could "tek Mose by de scruff uv de neck an' throw him th'u the winder, an' Mandy by her kinky wool an' shake her twill her legs rattled, an' treat er dozen mo' in de same officious manner," he "mought bring order out er chaos; but de school bode won't stand fer no such behaviousness on my part," said he, "so my resignation is befo' you and are final."

No persuasion on the part of the superintendent could induce him to retain his honorable position as principal of Shake Rag School.

"Yes, sah, I knows it's er ornery position, but my resignation are final."

This was at the time the board elected a new principal and Professor Rastus Brown moved to another district, hoping to better his condition.

His successor, Professor Jones, was black and shiny of skin and excessively complacent.

He soon acquired the reputation of keeping splendid order. His pupils toed the mark, and the school board and superintendent esteemed themselves fortunate in securing his services.

Late in the spring Professor Rastus Brown was in Shake Rag between trains (i. e., ox carts) and decided to visit the scene where the pickaninnies had made his life miserable.

He walked into the schoolroom and introduced himself to the new principal, Professor Jones. He was astonished to observe the deportment of the room. Lessons well learned—attention fine—manner respectful—the eyes of the pupils riveted on the teacher.

He was amazed, almost dumbfounded. What had brought about the transformation?

When he could see the private car of Professor Jones, he asked the meaning of the change.

"Does you keep in?"

"No, sah."

"Does you use de hickory?"

"No, sah."

"What erbout de cowhide? You sho mus' whale 'em."

"No, sah."

"What does you do, sah?"—gazing at him with ever increasing respect.

"Why," said Professor Jones, with pride in his voice, "dis school is controlled widout er word, an' it's ez easy to do ez fallin' off'n er log. I've studied de Normal Instructure from River ter kiver an' don't finno disciplinatory methods ter ekal de one I has interduced in Shake Rag School."

"You see dat little shelf back of whar I san's? The shelf was in evidence and a number of paper bags and tin buckets arranged along it.

"Whenebber I sees er boy or gal idle or mischevious I juss'teps ter dat shelf an' eats up dat child's lunch—yes, sah, eats up de lunch! At fust I et some ten or twelve in er mornin'—some ten or twelve."

Judging from his heavy fowls and big bay window and generally sleek, well-fed appearance, you could easily believe he was speaking the truth.

"Now, ef I juss' wals my eyes eroun' toward de shelf, de whole kit an' bilin' studies lak er beehive, ev'ry one uv 'em!"

"Dat's how," said Professor Jones. "I has secured 'puffed' order an' 'puffed' lessons! Dere's mo' ways uv killin' er dog dan bangin' him."

All He Was Fit For.

In an Irish courthouse recently an old man was called into the witness box, and being infirm and just a little nearsighted, he went too far in more than one sense. Instead of going up the stairs that led to the box he mounted those that led to the bench. The judge, good humoredly, said:

"Is it a judge you want to be, my man?"

"Ah, sure, your honor," was the reply. "I'm an old man now, an' mebbe it's all I'm fit for!" The judge raised his spectacles.

Hard to Please All.

An Irishman gave a little dinner and invited a few of his intimate friends. A chicken was set on the table and Pat began carving.

"Well, Mary," said he, "and what part would you like?"

"Dedad, Pat," says she, "I'd like a leg."

"And you, Mike?"

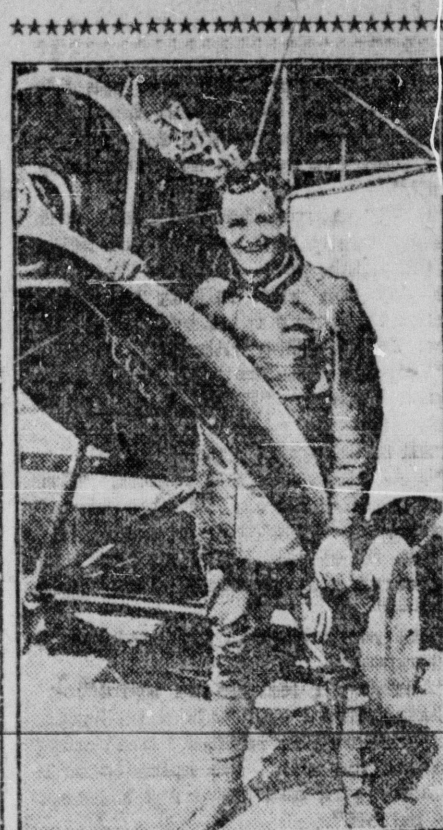
"Musha, Pat, I'd like a leg, too."

"And what part would you favor, Bridget?"

"I'd like a leg, too."

"Arrah," says Pat, "do you think it's a spider I'm carvin'?"

FLYER MAKES DARING ESCAPE FROM GERMANY



Lieut. Patrick O'Brien, an American member of the British flying corps, who was brought down in a one-sided battle by the Germans, and who had been taken into Germany on his way to a prison camp, jumped from a train which was going 30 miles an hour, and by many heroic and clever moves managed to get into Holland, and then back to England.

O'Brien was reported missing last August 17, and his reappearance was a great surprise to his friends. On the morning of August 17 enemy gunners forced him to land, but fortunately he got back to his own lines. Later in the day he was again flying over the enemy lines and he, with five other machines, was engaged by 20 German airplanes. O'Brien alone engaged four of them. He accounted for one of the machines before he was shot in the hip. He fell with his damaged plane 8,000 feet. He cannot explain why he was not killed.

When he regained consciousness O'Brien was in a German war hospital. Later, when he was being taken into Germany, he jumped from the moving train, and by walking at night, swimming rivers and subsisting only on food that he could get from the fields, he managed to reach Holland.

He was a fugitive for 72 days. He had a narrow escape when he was in sight of his goal. To circumvent charged wires O'Brien built a bridge with nearby wood and threw it across the wires. It broke under his weight, and O'Brien says that he can still feel the shock. He dug a tunnel with his hands under the wires and he was free.

A brief telegram was received by his mother, Mrs. Margaret O'Brien, saying that he had escaped from the Germans, and that he soon would be home. O'Brien will try to change to the American aviation corps. The photo shows him standing in front of his machine.

AUTO AFTER JACK RABBIT

Wheel Came Off, There Was a Wreck and No Joke.

A curiosity to time a jack rabbit with a tested speedometer resulted in the wrecking of an automobile near Topeka, Kan., one night recently.

W. F. Haase, an automobile agent at Natoma, was on his way to Kansas City, and as the road was good, was keeping up about all the law permits in the way of speed, when a jack rabbit chose the same route. Haase thought it would be a joke to make the rabbit take a sidling, and ran his speedometer up to within 80 per cent of its advertised ability. But having chosen east as his general direction and that particular road as his route, the rabbit continued to plod along at a little better than 50 miles an hour.

The rabbit did not turn out, but a portion of the pursuing car did. After he had crawled out of a ditch and twisted himself into shape, Haase caught a car into Topeka, where he waited until daylight to hunt a wheel, which had left the general wreckage and taken refuge in a corn field.

FISH SWALLOWED RING

It Had a Diamond in It and Had Been Lost.

That truth is stranger than fiction was demonstrated at Hoopston, Ill., the other day when Ray Tilton, a young farmer, received a letter from Peoria saying a diamond ring, valued at \$250, had been found in the stomach of a fish which had been caught in the Illinois river.

In July Tilton was at Peoria, and while rowing on the river the ring dropped off his finger. He never expected to see it again, and was much surprised to receive the letter.

The writer said he caught the fish and, while dressing it, saw something bright fall out of the stomach. He also said he would be glad to send the ring to Hoopston if Tilton would send the reward offered in a Peoria newspaper. The owner sent a check for \$50 to the Peoria man.

Throat Operation to Unfit Men for War

Authorities in Seattle believe they have unearthed a plot of German origin in the arrest of Doctor Gordon and a Russian woman. The pair are charged with plotting to perform throat operations to make men unfit for service under the conscription law.

TAKE NOTICE

The Evening Telegraph, by mail, in advance, \$3 per year; six months, \$2; three months, \$1.

AMUSEMENTS

GRAND OPERA NOTES.
Auditorium Theatre, Chicago.
A Unique Luncheon.

Cleofonte Campanini, the general director of the Chicago Opera association, who has done more than any other impresario for American singers and American composers, as well as French and Italian writers, gave a luncheon last week at the Congress hotel in honor of Sylvio Lazzari, the composer of "Le Sauteriot," introducing him to the critical fraternity of Chicago. Among his other honored guests were Henry Hadley, the composer of "Azora," which had its premiere last week, and Arthur Nevin, whose "Daughter of the Forest" will have its first representation next Saturday. Maestro Campanini, a citizen of the world in the broadest sense of music, had three composers at the table, and two of them were American, which gives an index that the native composer is coming into his own.

The Only Mary Garden.

The return of Mary Garden to the Chicago Opera association adds one of the most interesting and pronounced personalities of the American stage to the strong artistic coterie of Campanini. The medium of her reappearance will be "Carmen," which will be presented next Friday. The cast will be notable, enlisting Lucien Muratore and Georges Baklanoff. Later Miss Garden will appear in "Mamma Vanna" and "Pelleas and Melisande."

Army Will Work Wonders for Music.

Arthur Nevin, the American composer, whose second opera, "A Daughter of the Forest," will have its premiere the coming week at the Auditorium, is in charge of "Carmen" at Camp Grant, Rockford, Ill., one of the largest musical responsibilities that can be conceived. While nothing very serious is being done by the American composers just now, this one sees a great possibility in the immediate future and seriously enough believes that the great military movement that is sweeping over the world will eventually result in big things for music.

Mr. Nevin remarked: "I believe that music which is now being cultivated at the camps all over this country is going to do wonders for music. Already the American has ceased to consider music merely as an adjunct of artistic temperament. The soldier boy finds it a really necessary relief from the arduous studies and duties of the day in a military camp, and music has become a joy—not a joke nor a chore."

"Every day except Friday or Saturday, there are two periods, at 1 and 6 p. m., when the boys have singing for half an hour, and they seem to thoroughly enjoy it. It seems strange that the boys learn the new songs better through hearing the melody sung to them than if it were played, and it is wonderfully stirring to hear a whole regiment sing a marching song in harmony as though they were all practiced musicians."

"I stand up before them, have the band play the tune over, and then the first two or three hundred men who understand music sing it, soon the whole crowd falls into harmonious line and the song swells out with a strength and correctness of melody that is surprising. The colonels of the different regiments all favor the military rule of singing for the men and declare that after a hard drill nothing so refreshes them as the order to sing. It unifies the men and revitalizes them."

"Out at Camp Grant, when Governor Lowden paid an official visit, I had thirty-eight thousand men singing together. They first took up a classic, then they echoed the merry song, 'Illinois,' which has become melody, 'Goodbye Broadway,' and then ended up with 'America.' To me, it was something stupendous, and I think everyone present felt the wonderful spell of this song, which quite outdid Hector Berlioz in his greatest dream of musical combination. If this vocal work is interesting, the notification of bands I have found equally interesting. At Camp Grant we have seven bands of thirty pieces each, and when our boys went to the football game, I led the united bands after they had practiced only two days together, and our program of ten numbers appeared to find favor with the most exacting. This music with the army has been a wonderful experience for me."

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RUIN IN WAKE OF HUN IN FRANCE

Nothing But Desolation Where
Prosperous Villages Smiled.

FLATTEN OUT EVEN SCRAPS

One Can Motor for Hours in Region Now Known as British Front and See Nothing But Ruins of What Used to Be Human Habitations—People Hide in Cellars Lest Boche Shells Find Them Out.

By FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE
of the Vigilantes.

"Somewhere in France"—I never imagined in the wildest flights of fancy about war that to gain an objective under modern battle conditions an army has not to lay waste a position or a village but practically a countryside. You can motor nowadays for hours in the region generally known as the British front, sweep the landscape for miles in every direction, and see nothing but ruins of what used to be human habitations. Your guides point to a scattered dump of brick, mortar, twisted timbers, indiscriminate rubbish of all sorts, lining either side of the roadway along which you are spinning. Here and there at irregular intervals the bare, charred remains of what once were trees stick up from amid the debris and the chaos. There is not a suggestion of a standing wall anywhere, nor even of a door or window-frame, and, of course, no semblance of a roof. There are only cellars into which houses, shops, churches, stores, schools—everything—have been thrown into a crazy hold-all of a town-wide grave.

"We are now going through —," remarks our military chaperone, ironically, and we recognize the name of a place prominent in the fighting during some important "push" weeks or months ago—now wiped from the face of the earth as effectually as if honest French peasants and villagers had never striven through the generations to make a comfortable abode for themselves and theirs. One hopes that the ministering angels permitted them to evacuate the town before their homes were splintered and crushed by 15-inch death-dealers. One wonders how many human remains may still lie buried beneath the wreckage of beams and sandstone. One speculates whether men, women and children who contrived to escape the shells will ever again be able to start life with their dwellings, places of business and cultivated fields mangled and devastated. One is persuaded that stupendous as is the work of destruction wrought by twentieth century warfare, the task of reconstruction will be enormously more gigantic still. Towns that took years to make have been shot to pieces in an hour.

Last Word in Perforation.

I have heard of towns in our own wild and woolly West that have been "shot-up." But — is surely the last word in complete and scientific perforation. In July, 1914, it was a happy, thriving community of 35,000 or 40,000 inhabitants, a smiling town, with a wonderful Grand place, a picturesque Petit place, a noble Gothic cathedral and a splendid town hall. Round the Grand place ran a quadrangle of colonnaded houses of surpassing architectural beauty. For the rest, the town was typically French, by which I mean a complex of neat stores and dwelling houses, churches and factories, schools and estaminets (cafes). Today there is not a solitary building of any kind in the whole town that is not entirely or partially wrecked. There is not a single thing of wood, brick or stone that is intact. Not more than 1,500 or 2,000 people live there now, and they must hide in cellars most of the time, lest Boche shells search them out. Death lurks in every street, even though the British have held it for more than two years and have extended their lines beyond it considerably during the past few months. Though they have long since turned the town into scraps of its former self, the Germans seem filled with an insatiable lust to flatten out even the scraps. You walk through the Grand place, hugging close to the walls by order of your army guide, in perpetual danger that a souvenir from Krupp will land at your feet and send fragments of you flying into the ethereal eternal. But you are only living the life that the British garrison and indomitable little civilian rear-guard of 1,500 or 2,000 people—mostly old men and women too fragile to seek a safer abode further behind the lines—are living day in and day out.

Museum of German Savagery.

This thought occurred to me while surveying the tumbled-down cathedral and mince-matted town hall and the limitless field of desolation and devastation lying all around them at every turning: Why not keep it just as it is today, a pile of glorious ruins, as a world museum of German savagery? Why not leave it, stricken, battered and maimed in its every structural limb, just as we saw it this day three years after, for the admonition, horror and instruction of a universe which has rushed to arms for the overthrow of liberty's foe? There will be vast libraries of documentary evidence of the Hun's atrocities to educate and terrify posterity. But what are books and descriptions and documentary proofs compared to such an ocular demonstration as threatened to loose the tear-ducts of five prosaic American observers today?

Miss Elizabeth Shelley of Washington has a memento of many months' work conducting with Mme. Slavko Grouitch a children's hospital in a little Serbian town in the early stage of the war. His name is Bogaljub, which is Slavic for God's love, and his chief ambition is to be a Boy Scout and an American citizen. Bogaljub is four years old, one of the few Serbian orphans allowed to depart from Serbia after the Austrian occupation.

Clothing Is Needed.

The Red Cross society is informed that great quantities of clothing will be needed by the civilian population of war-stricken countries of Europe. Women who are not able because of home duties or physical disability to take up clerical work, are urged to make garments for the noncombatant peoples of Belgium, France and Poland.

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constrast as threatened to loose the tear-ducts of five prosaic American observers today?

I was born and raised in an Indiana town very much like dozens of French towns which have been crushed beneath the merciless heel of the German army. There are Illinois and Iowa and Michigan and Wisconsin towns just like them, too. I thought of those towns this afternoon. I said to myself that if Essen's 17-inch murder-guns could ever be planted within range of our own smiling Western communities, the Kaiser and his Germans would splinter them as gladly, as ruthlessly, as completely, as they have demolished this beautiful town.

Pershing's men are here to help save France. But with every blow they strike to that noble end they are striking to save our own Arrases, Baupaines and Perennes from the fate which has overtaken France's La-portes, Rockfords, Kenoshas, Davenport and Battle Creeks.

STARVED TOTS CARED FOR BY RED CROSS

Story of Tragedy and Pathos in
Struggle of Child Life in the
War Arena.

A cablegram received at the headquarters of the American Red Cross in Washington brought another human interest story of tragedy and pathos in the child life of the French and Belgian war areas.

"Six hundred and fifty underfed children, travel-worn after three days in a closed train coming from Belgian provinces," says the cablegram, "crossed the frontier last night and reached Evian at dawn. The morning blare of French trumpets met the children who, some too young to know their age, had traveled motherless and unaccompanied. They poured into the street crying 'Vive la France' and 'Vive la Belgique,' shaking hands with every bystander.

"Trumpeters, like six Pied Pipers of Hamelin, led the dancing, shouting throng to the casino—all except a few sick children who were carried in American Red Cross ambulances. At the casino all received food; flags were distributed and songs were sung. Welcoming words were spoken by the mayor. Even the small children knew the words of 'Brabanconne' and the 'Marseillaise,' but some of them were so tired that they slept right through the music.

"Next came baths, examination by an American Red Cross doctor; and then lunch and sleep. Tomorrow these children start for Longdander, where the American Red Cross will house thousands of them—some orphans, others pretubercular or needing better nourishment than was possible under the German rule from which they had come.

"One little girl in the throng disem-barking at Evian clutched four frame pieces in a paper fist. 'What are you going to do with them?' she was asked. 'Buy paper to write to mamma,' was the reply."

Another cablegram received at Red Cross headquarters says that in a speech to the last trainload of repatriates, the mayor of Evian called particular attention to their gratitude to the American Red Cross for the splendid work it is doing in hospital care of sick children. The speech was instantly responded to with shouts of "L'Americaine vive nos allies."

MEMENTO OF WORK IN SERBIAN HOSPITAL



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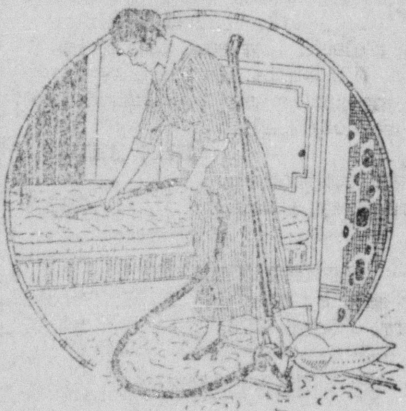
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General Graziani, former chief of the major staff of the French army, who has been appointed commander of the Legion of Honor. He was obliged to relinquish his former important position because of illness.

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FOE CLAIMS CAMBRAI GAIN
Berlin Reports, More Territory Won South of Marcoing.

Berlin, via London, Jan. 2.—Further German gains on the Cambrai front south of Marcoing are reported by the war office. The announcement follows:

"Army group of Prince Rupprecht—At midnight the artillery fire increased at Houtholst wood, and in the neighborhood of Passchendaele. A strong British reconnoitering attack southwest of Monchy broke down.

"South of Marcoing the territory won on Sunday was extended as a result of minor engagements. The number of prisoners was increased by a few officers and 70 men.

"Army groups of the German crown prince and Duke Albrecht.—The artillery fire was spirited at times north of Prosenes, on both sides of Ornes and north and east of St. Mihiel."

BRITISH VICTORY OVER TURKS
More Than 1,000 Slain and 750 Made Prisoners.

London, Jan. 2.—British forces in Palestine under command of General Allenby have made further progress along the battle line north of Jerusalem, the British war office announced. More than a thousand Turks were killed and 750 were taken prisoner.

The statement follows:
"The British line has been still further advanced north of Jerusalem. From Thursday to Saturday inclusive, we took prisoner 750 Turks, including 39 officers. Up to the present 1,000 enemy dead have been counted.

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Plenty of Food and Comforts in North Carolina Camps.

SURE GERMANY IS WINNING

Detained Officers and Seamen of German Merchant Ships Often Have Meat Twice a Day—No Alien Has to Work Unless He Pleases, and Then He Is Paid—Find Variety of Ways of Entertaining Themselves.

When night falls on the camps at Hot Springs, N. C., near Asheville, where 517 officers and 1,064 seamen of German merchant ships are detained by the United States immigrant service, hooded incandescents strung on the topmost strand of formidable barbed wire fences throw their funnels of light inside the barricade, the guard being stationed in darkened, high perched sentry boxes. Lights similarly spring up in the rooms of the four-story hotel, where the captains, mates and engineers of the big liners are quartered. No sound comes from these Teutonic cantonnments—they give no more sign of life than Belgian villages left in the wake of German armies.

On the tracks barely outside the barricade trains begin to pass with silence-shattering roars, great trains of 60 and 70 cars drawn by giant moguls with flaming furnace doors—the aristocrats of freights for whom all signal lights show clear as they speed eastward to the Chesapeake ports with cargoes of grain, horses, lumber and machinery. Those within the wire know what that rushing eastward portends.

Sure Germany Is Winning.

But no other message do they believe, or, if they do, they conceal belief. They read American newspapers, but tell the guards Germany is winning the war and that it will be over in four months. They say the Americans have never repaired the ship engines their now interned crews disabled because it cannot be done in this country. Officers of the great ship Vaterland say she has never left Hoboken docks.

Differences between officers and men have sprung up and fears of forcible encounters made it necessary to establish separate camps. The men when they realized that they were freed from enforced obedience to their officers began to show increasing evidence of resentment for past strict discipline. The officers were enraged at this inoculation with American ideas. Some of their men even showed friendliness for the Americans!

But talk does not lessen the vigilance of the fifty-two American guards working in three shifts. "They are Germans," said a hatchet-faced guard with his hand on his holster. He looked up at the nearby forested cliffs where the French Broad river emerges with crashing waters into the broadened camp valley. "And some day the casualty lists will show of the boys from this state killed in France. And then—"

Concealments on Those Cliffs.
"Then what?" he was asked. "Yes," said he, "What?" and looked again at the concealments of the cliffs overlooking the camp.

The officers have the advantage of the men in the matter of quarters though the food is practically the same. The four-story hotel was leased by the government with its equipment of private baths, steam heat and fine furniture and surroundings of tennis courts, croquet grounds and big pool of naturally hot water. The men are housed in eight one-story wooden barracks built for their use, each barrack 20 by 163 feet in size, with double-decked bunks, heated by stoves and served by a detached shower bath house 14 by 50 feet, in the rear of each barrack.

German artisans did all the work of construction, being paid by the United States at the rate of \$20 a month. No alien there has to work unless he wishes, and if he does he is paid. One day all of them quit work because they resented the publication in a local newspaper that they were slow workers and had to be told how to do everything.

The Germans find a variety of ways of entertaining themselves. Some play tennis, others croquet, some bowl, some go through a semi-military drill, and each camp has its team for playing what the guards call football. The ball is like a football, but it is not kicked. It is batted with the hand. For the men, the International Y. M. C. A. has established a clubhouse equipped with tables, reading matter, games and a moving picture outfit. An American secretary is in charge.

Work for Idle Hands.

The officers have nearly completed a miniature German village by the riverside. The "houses" are tiny affairs scarcely large enough to let a couple of their burly builders squeeze in, and much ingenuity and artistic design is shown in their rustic fashioning. Tree limbs, broken brick, stones, old carpet, flattened tin cans, all picked up in the hotel grounds, are the material used. The United States furnished nothing. Commodore Ruser, chief of the Vaterland, built one of these tiny houses and is very proud of the little brick stove which heats it. When working on their houses the officers seem to have shed their officialdom and appear as kindly, simple men. The common seamen are building a similar village.

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Whether the Germans are better fed than they should be is a matter of viewpoint. A guest of a fine hotel would be dissatisfied with the food the United States furnishes and expert chefs from the big liners prepare. On the other hand, there are many people who would be pleased to get high quality western meat twice a day, as the Germans frequently do, with an abundance of vegetables, coffee, rye bread, butter, tea and stewed fruit. Steak is not unknown, although stews and roasts are more common.

Local sentiment is somewhat stirred by the fact that the United States officials do not enforce the meatless and wheatless days which Mr. Hoover urges on Americans. And criticism is directed because all purchases of food and selection of the daily menus are made by one of the Germans themselves. People ask what motive a German would have to conserve food for his country's enemies. This agent is D. Peinert, former purchasing agent in New York for the Hamburg-American line.

Officials in charge of the camp defend Peinert's selection on the ground that he is highly capable. They say that for months the per capita cost of raw food has been only 45 cents a day, and insist that the hogs fed on the garbage are squealing complaints of short rations. They have no orders from Washington to enforce the Hoover regulations, they add.

IMPORTS UNAFFECTED BY U-BOAT WARFARE

Figures for Ten-Month Period Show Only Slight Falling Off.

How little the submarine warfare has curtailed the exports from London to the United States since America declared war on Germany is seen in the official figures of the United States imports from the British capital. The figures for ten months ending with October show a decrease of only \$18,000,000, with a total of \$115,390,471. Last year the figures for the similar period were \$133,740,783.

The principal articles imported from London and their value were: Rubber, \$31,610,629; precious stones, \$15,609,466; tin, \$8,852,856.

The principal articles imported from London for the ten months this year were: Rubber, \$39,770,603; precious stones, \$15,435,592; tin, \$9,396,001; art, \$4,464,560; hides, \$2,934,372; furs, \$5,434,870; tea, \$747,058; indigo, \$1,197,101; wool, \$929,047.

There is a slight increase in the imports of tin as compared with last year's figures, a decrease of about \$3,000,000 in art imports; the figure for hides is about half what it was, and less wool was sent here from London by approximately \$500,000. Indigo also shows a decrease amounting to more than \$1,000,000. Tea shows the most notable falling off, the figures being \$4,436,508 for the 1916 period and \$747,058 for 1917. There was no tea or wool imported from London last month.

LIFE LINES USEFUL IN ROUGH WEATHER



When seas are rough and wave after wave breaks over their ship the sailors on Uncle Sam's destroyers find these life lines mighty handy in getting about on the sea-swept decks. Destroyers' decks are low and the boats cut through the waters with great speed, so that often the entire ship is awash. Though the sea was not especially rough when this photo was made, the life lines were rigged up and the Jackie was clothed in readiness for rough weather.

Picking Apples on Shares.

Picking apples on shares is the way one Kansas university fraternity is fighting the high cost of living and at the same time storing up a winter supply of fruit. One farmer bargained with the Acadia Chapter to pick his apples. The fraternity men picked 200 bushels one morning on shares, storing twenty bushels in their fraternity house as payment. This same chapter last year needed quilts, so they held a quilting bee and made thirty quilts.

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